

A good mother. by explicit_slug (big_slug)

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Summary:

Joyce Byers can't really cope with it. The things her eldest son is giving up on to feed his family. If only she could help him.

A good mother.

Author's Note:

- For Furbyte.

Well, shit. I'm suffering fucking major writer's block on my longfic, but I had this on my mind for so long, I just needed to get it out. It's pretty sick I guess, but all fluffy and soft this time. Don't like, don't read, right?

Kudos to Alcoholic Kangaroo for getting me to write some gentle incest lovemaking for a ship that doesn't really exist!

Enjoy!

Back when Jonathan was six years old, proud of being in elementary school, proud of being a big brother to two year old Will, he said something in the lines of ,*When I grow up, I wanna marry mommy.*‘

And even back then, Joyce Byers knew, that's something a lot of boys his age say, for lack of an actual concept of adult love and marriage. She laughed at the sheer cuteness of that statement, but of course explained why this could never happen. Lonnie laughed too, but not in a way a father should. He didn't say it, but Joyce knew him well enough to understand, he was making fun of their son.

When Lonnie left, Jonathan was thirteen years old. Will was nine at the time, and while Joyce was aware of how much her sons were

intimidated by their father, how much they were disappointed, hurt and angry, she also knew about the ambivalence in their relationship with Lonnie. It's not easy for a boy to hate his father, even if he is in fact hateful. No matter what age, boys just need a male role model, someone to look up to, and so they always did everything within their powers. Everything to please Lonnie. It just was never enough. From the window of her now mercifully lonesome bedroom, she watched her two boys out in the rain, nailing wooden boards to a tree, building their little shelter out back in the woods. She had given up on trying to convince them to come inside an hour earlier. They just wouldn't listen. Joyce had even yelled at them, threatening them with sending them to school, even if they caught a cold out there. Of course, she'd never done that.

It was past ten in the night when they were done, and through all the pain, the fear of what was going to become of her little family now, Joyce couldn't have been more proud. Proud of Will, who was smiling sleepily after the ordeal. Proud of Jonathan, who hadn't only managed to build something that resembled a house (wasn't that one of the things every man should do in his life?), but also taught his nine year old brother how to use a hammer and nails without hurting himself.

Something else she noticed soon after Will had dropped into his bed, exhausted and unable to keep his eyes open long enough to get rid of his wet shirt by himself, was that her eldest had seemingly grown. In the five or six hours between Lonnie saying his final goodbyes and the two boys completing Castle Byers, he had grown a good four inches, at least that was her impression of him when she left Will's room, her younger son's soaking shirt hanging from her arm.

Jonathan, his back straightened, eyes harder and more determined than she had ever seen them, approached her, and solemnly proclaimed „You don't need him. I'm here.“ And while she was reminded of it, this was nothing like that other incident years before.

This time, he was old enough to understand. Old enough to be aware what he was saying. Old enough to know, he was the man in this house now. And when Joyce held him in her arms, allowing herself to wet the bare skin of his upper body with her tears for once, she realized, while Jonathan had lost a terrible father figure, Will had gained an exceptional one. What really hurt wasn't her useless husband leaving, it was the prospect of what that new role her older son had been put in would likely do to him.

That day is still alive and vivid in her mind, when Jonathan comes home that cold January night at half past eleven, having just completed his late shift at the movie theater, already preparing for his early shift at Radio Shack.

Joyce has no reason to be awake. Will isn't home, spending the night in a fantasy world with his friends again. God knows he needs these weekly sleepovers after what happened to him just three months prior. Still, she is wide awake. She could never do this. Fall asleep before Jonathan is home. Or get up later than him in the mornings. What mother would do that? What mother would let her son work day and night and then just sleep, tugged in comfortably while he is sweating blood for her? What awful kind of mother would let her son work day and night for her anyways? The answer is, one who is just too weak to take care of her family alone. It's not like he actually gets, or wants to keep any of the money he is making. The tiny amount that's not swallowed whole by the electricity bill immediately, he has to use to keep his car up and running.

All Joyce can do in these nights when Jonathan has to work later than herself, is to wait for him, offering a warm dinner and an open

ear. Though, he rarely ever uses the latter, if out of pride or just because he doesn't want to talk to her, she doesn't know. Every time he sinks down on the wooden kitchen chair opposite to her, a heavy sigh escaping him, it breaks her heart. Every time he buries his face in his hands for just a few seconds, she feels the utter need to tear down this entire world and its injustice.

Hell, he is sixteen, and it's a Friday night. Shouldn't he be out with people he likes, maybe with someone he *loves*, getting drunk, being a bit stupid but hopefully safe at that, laughing and *feeling* without a care in the world? That's what sixteen year olds do. At least, that's what they did when Joyce was that age, and it's not okay at all, the shattering fact that she got to experience all these things, coming from a sheltered home, and he just doesn't.

„The casserole isn't half bad.“ she says apologetically. „Not as good as when you make it.“ Jonathan just digs in, giving her the faintest of smiles. He is through his portion in no time, proving yet again that nothing about this is okay.

„It's great, mom.“

„I'd tell you to be honest, but... oh well.“ she chuckles. „How much sleep are you going to get?“ As if she doesn't know. Her eldest shrugs.

„I could work a double shift tomorrow. Just... you know it's the end of the month and all.“

„No.“ Joyce can't keep herself from suddenly, painfully slamming her

hand down on the kitchen table. Enough is enough. Every movement sluggish, slow and somehow undefined, Jonathan gets up from his chair, to lean on both hands.

„We need the money.“ His voice is so firm. So admirable. So *grown up*. It’s moments like these that Joyce finds herself enchanted by her son. His muscles flexing visibly under his jumper, telltale signs of the adult body he is just growing into. How did he go from a child to *this* so fast? Lean, tall, but so well defined already, much like his father at that age. Just better. Mature, and kind, and so diligent in every way. The father Will needs. The man in the house. Always putting his family first. If he could just put himself second, that would be enough to let her sleep at night. But the truth is, he doesn’t put himself *anywhere*. That is why Joyce is on her feet too.

„We need you. Alive.“ Her voice softens with that. „Honey, it’s never gonna be enough. Ever. But we’ve always managed. If you were just doing this for yourself, I’d let you have your way. But I can’t... I can’t let you do this.“

„You can’t?“ he argues too wearily. „Have you even noticed how Will is growing out of his shoes again?“ And of course she has. The same way she has noticed how Jonathan, while likely having completed his last growth spurt, is still broadening. Not just in general, but also right now. Whenever he is showing this grown up, headstrong side of himself. It’s the reason why she can’t help herself. Always observing. Sometimes staring. For example, when he’s making the short way from the bathroom back to his room to get dressed, clad only with a towel around his waist. Dirty, disgusting, that’s how she feels about it, but there’s no denying it, she saves these images for later. Always trying to replace his face with someone else’s to make it seem a little less wrong. She usually fails at that, because that face and that beautiful body are a union that can never be broken up without taking the magic out of it.

„I‘ve noticed how you‘re breaking yourself over this.“ she returns, quickly making her way around the table. It‘s not anger that‘s erupting from him, when he falls into her arms and lets out a weak grunt. It‘s the righteous frustration the both of them always feel, 24 hours a day. Sometimes it‘s more pronounced, sometimes they can play over it. Tonight neither of them is able to. She gets it by the way he is holding on to her, seeking instead of giving comfort. For what it‘s worth, Joyce is happy to provide him with that.

The contours of his body press against hers, all flat but neatly outlined muscles. He smells of work, of adolescent sweat, and a bit of fear. „Some fucking kid puked all over his seat and I had to clean it up.“ he suddenly groans into her hair. „And I don‘t even know why I‘m telling you this. Bet you got to clean up enough shit at Melvald‘s too.“ Now, at this age, Joyce doesn‘t feel the need to scold him anymore. A boy... a *man* so hard working will always be allowed to say *shit* or *fuck* under her roof. Besides, he‘s right. Cleaning up shit, well not literal shit, but shit nonetheless, is part of her job too. Running her hand up and down his probably sore back, Joyce can sense him stiffening in her embrace, and the tension just won‘t leave, no matter how insistently she traces the little vertebrae with her fingers.

„You need to relax, honey.“ she hushes gently against his chest. There‘s no way she could reach his ear when he‘s standing up like that. He is so tall now, she wonders if he even still feels protected by her embrace. God, she hopes so.

„Can‘t.“ he sighs. „Maybe on Sunday. After homework.“

„No.“ Joyce insists firmly. „Right now. Come here.“ With the gentle

hand of a mother, she directs her eldest towards the living room. It's not physical force that allows her to lay him down on the couch, it's what little authority she still has over him. Seeing him stretched out there, eyes closed, she tightens her grip on both his shoulders, rubbing, moving in circles, forwards and backwards. *'A good massage is always just short of hurting.'* Her late mother's words leave the hint of a smile on her lips. Joyce is satisfied to feel some of the tension escaping Jonathan's broad shoulders. His chest is heaving softly, showing off everything he has to offer. Joyce tries to ignore her tingling stomach, and the heat her innermost core produces. *Save it for later*, she tells herself. There's nothing wrong with relieving that tension in the privacy of her own bedroom. But it's wrong to feel it right here, right now.

Jonathan's back arches slightly when she hits a particularly sensitive spot on his collarbone, making his lower ribs stick out against the fabric of his jumper. Joyce's mouth goes dry at the sight. Especially now, that a short area of his flat stomach is exposed. From his belly button, a thin trail of dark hair is all but trickling down just to disappear in his pants, and Jesus Christ, if he could just take off his clothes. Only for a second. Joyce is so despicable, but there's nothing she can do about it. Subconsciously, she lets her hands wander down his front side. Only down to his sternum, where her palm picks up the slow, steady heartbeat. A heartbeat *she* created. One she started sixteen years ago, one not to stop for so many years to come. She wants to cry. She does.

How many heartbeats has he experienced already in his life? Alone. Always alone. How many heartbeats should a boy experience before he finds someone to provide him with more than a mother can? Joyce isn't oblivious. She has cleaned out his room, washed his sheets, so she knows what he's feeling. Well, she'd know without having seen the things she has. He is sixteen, after all. So many experiences he could have already made, if it just wasn't for his family tying him to this endless routine of school, work, exhausted sleep, this eternal treadmill that will only become worse once he has to make his way in college. How long will he have to wait? Until his

early twenties? A small puddle of salty tears has formed on the carpet underneath her face.

Now, her hand comes to a halt on his firm stomach. „Mom?“ Jonathan’s voice is weak, questioning but also shaking. And by now, Joyce has given in to it. For his sake.

„It’s okay, sweetie.“ she whispers. „I got you. You can take it off.“ With a small tug on the bottom of his jumper, she signs him to pull it over his head, which he does hesitantly, before falling back into his half-asleep state, eyes still shut. Joyce takes her time to examine him, like she just never does anymore. There was a time, up until he was about eleven or twelve, when she knew every inch of his body. That was, until that sense for privacy kicked in, that usually comes to those who notice a new patch of hair on themselves, with a combination of pride and excitement, but also the realization of childhood’s end. Mothers aren’t supposed to see that.

Still, she knows most of him. For example, she doesn’t have to count the little moles on his front side. Neither does she need to flip him over to know how many there are on his back. Two. She still sees him like this from time to time. Just not from up close, or in this kind of faint light, that makes every little muscle on his body stand out with a line of shadows that pronounces his physique. There are no abs to trace, but his stomach is so firm under her fingertips, there might as well be. The hair she’s feeling, and the little dark curls around his hardened nipples remind her once more, she’s not dealing with a little boy here.

,*You don’t need him. I’m here.*‘ Yes! Yes, Jonathan is here. Joyce doesn’t need Lonnie. She’s got her son. Not her little boy anymore, but her *man*. Circling her flat hand further down ever so slowly, he begins writhing under her touch.

„Come on, baby. Pull them down. I‘ll help you.“ While Joyce doesn‘t know if he is still aware of what‘s going on, she just knows how good this will be for him. He complies sluggishly, ridding himself of his pants. Seeing the all too obvious tent in his shorts for the first time sends goosebumps cascading down her spine. She grazes her fingers over it only slightly, making her son whine so beautifully, she just has to lean in and press her lips to his, only for a brief moment, to swallow the noise he is making. Satisfied, she notices the small, dark stain on his white shorts when she pulls back.

„Just one thing left.“ Joyce whispers. „Then I‘ll make it better, I promise.“

„Okay...“ Jonathan breathes. „Okay.“

His underwear is gone in no time, and God, *this* is different. Joyce doesn‘t know what she expected. The last time she saw him like this was years ago. Back when he was small, barely reaching up to her chin, hairless everywhere, a cute little boy. But she already knew he is a man. His size, the amount of hair, the beautiful, straight dark shaft with the throbbing dark red head, all of this underlines it, fuels her pride further. He has come so far. With a shaking hand, she takes hold of him, feeling the warmth, the hardness of an erection for the first time in years. It‘s so good. And nobody, *nobody* could ever convince her it‘s wrong. Joyce created him. She can touch. She can do something good for him, if nobody else can.

She begins with light, slow strokes, her palm already slick with precum. Jonathan wiggles a bit, producing the most adorable sounds in his current state. So desperate, so in need of more. And she intends to give him more. Judging from the paper napkins under his bed, he

feels this, a hand, on himself at least once a day. There has to be more. Joyce just has to give him something better. It's only logical that she gets him nice and worked up for some time, to eventually kiss him there.

His hips buck up fast, causing her a proud smile. She is even more proud of the fact, that she is struggling to engulf his entire length with her mouth. It's salty, sweaty from a day of hard work, and it's perfect. Joyce doesn't care if it's making her gag every time it hits the back of her throat. Quite the opposite, it makes herself, her core grow more heated and slick. He can't reciprocate. That just isn't something she can ask of him, so Joyce retorts to using her right hand to ever so gently massage Jonathan's testicles, while her left hand finds its way into her own pants. She doesn't want to be selfish, and this is all about him and his pleasure, but going without *anything* just isn't possible anymore. Not after all this time she has imagined something like this happening.

The combination of all these impressions, his texture, his taste as she bobs up and down, picking up speed, the desperate noises he is producing and finally her hand drawing soft circles on her own pleasure center makes for a quick release. For just a second, she has to stop sucking, while her muscles contract, ecstasy washing over her from head to toe with a loud moan. She all but cries against his erection. Joyce doesn't mind it's over for her. It's more like something is out of the way now for her. Only Jonathan counts.

With every second she keeps going, Jonathan is coming more undone. She never expected him to be so loud, moaning, chanting, begging her not to stop what she's doing. Of course, she doesn't intend to. Instead, she holds his hips down firmly to be able to dictate the speed. After all these years, she still knows how to handle a man, how to draw it out just to a point where it doesn't frustrate him excessively, while still giving him maximal pleasure. From her position, Joyce manages to take a gaze of her son's face, and how can

she ever describe the beauty she is seeing? His bottom lip tugged beneath his front teeth, nostrils flaring with every inhale, eyelids twitching. His breathing is deep, fast but regular, and the way he is swelling in her mouth tells her how close he already is.

Joyce just slows her pace a little bit, while using her tongue on his head excessively. That is enough to finally push him over the edge. His long, skilled fingers dig into the couch, and accompanied by a long, raspy, manly cry of pleasure, Jonathan releases into her throat. So deep, such a great amount, so delicious and warm. Joyce ends the stimulation just before the overstimulation sets in for him. It takes her a while to pull back completely, marveling at the clogging feeling in the back of her throat. Jonathan's body is slick with adult sweat now, but his face... God, it's so different. Softer than before. He seems to be asleep, or close to it, and like that, his face suddenly reminds her more of that cute little boy of yesterday. The one she fed, bathed, held in her arms.

Whatever Joyce just did, right or wrong (*so right*), it has given her son something, if only for a few hours of sleep. And if this is how she can help him get through this, if she has finally found a way to make him better, it's something she gladly does.

What she doesn't do gladly however, is setting the alarm clock from his room on top of the living room table next to Jonathan. He wouldn't forgive her if she'd let him sleep late, though. There is nothing left to do here but drape a blanket nice and tight around her son. Well, except one thing. Joyce just has to feel him again. Just a soft, loving touch to his thigh, then to his groin, which is while soft still heavy in her palm. *Her man.*

„You're the best son I could ever wish for. A- and you deserve so much better.“

She presses a small kiss to her son's cheek. As she lays the blanket down, making sure Jonathan is engulfed in it entirely, Joyce feels happy. She allows herself this little moment of luck. After all, she has helped him where nobody else in his life could. Because that is something a good mother does.

Author's Note:

Have at me with your comments!